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## Beautiful Child.

The following poem was written by Maj. W. A. H. Sigourney, nephew of the poetess of that name, and is a companion poem to Beautiful Snow, by the same author.

He had in early life married a Miss ———, a lady of great personal attractions, and with her made a voyage to Europe. During their absence, rumors unfavorable to her character reached the Sigourney family. The reports seem to have been well founded, for, shortly after her return to New York, she showed that the curse of the 19th century—the demon drink—had added another victim to the list of its victims. She abandoned her husband, became an outcast, and was next heard of as an inmate of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

Her husband's love was still sufficiently strong to induce him to make another effort to save her, and through his influence she was released, only again to desert her home. In the winter of 1853, the papers spoke of a young and beautiful woman having been found dead under the snow, in a disreputable street in New York. Something seemed to tell Sigourney that the body was that of his wife.

Upon making inquiries he found his surmises were too true, and after claiming the remains, he had them interred in that picturesque "silent city" which overlooks the busy harbor of New York. The story of that erring wife was told in the touching language of "Beautiful Snow." Several years afterwards Maj. Sigourney was found dead under the snow, in a disreputable street in New York, under circumstances leading to the belief that he had shot himself. The circumstances connected with his death, remain a mystery. Not even his child, for whom he always displayed the tenderest affection can throw any light upon it. The latest effort of his genius is displayed in the poem already referred to.

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## Not That Kind of a Man.

Rev. Dr. P. the other day, found a pack of playing cards in the possession of his oldest boy, and after giving the lad a thrashing for owning such engines of Satan, the doctor placed the cards in his own pocket, intending to destroy them at the first opportunity. But he forgot about them, and subsequently, while in the cars on the way to the city, he pulled out his handkerchief, and the cards came out with it and fell upon the floor. The doctor gathered them up with a very red face, and while he was arranging them in his hand, he saw a rough looking man in his seat opposite to him, wink at him. He turned his head away, but upon looking around a moment later, the man winked at him again. Then he winked several times, and finally he came over, and sitting down by the side of the doctor, he said:

"I say, pardner, what's your little game?"

"I don't understand you, sir," replied the doctor.

"Oh, you needn't mind me," said the man. "I'm doing a little at that thing myself. Now, how do you work it?"

"What do you mean? How do I work what?"

"Oh, you know well enough. What do you skin 'em on?"

"Skin them! Skin who? Really, sir, your remarks are incomprehensible to me."

"Now, see here, I understand the whole thing. You're hunting up somebody to play seven-up with, and you intend to beat 'em out of their money. Now don't you?"

"You don't know who you are talking to?"

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. There's no man on this earth that can turn jacks faster'n I kin; and less me and you start up a game on some of these fellows, and I'll run three or four jacks up my sleeve, with a couple of ones maybe, and when we get to town we'll divide the profits and go down and get roaring drunk at the tavern. Is it a bargain?"

"You are a scoundrel, sir!" exclaimed the doctor. "Let me change my seat, if you please?"

"Won't do it? Won't club in with me, and try a few games?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Won't lend me them jacks to put in my sleeve?"

"You seem to forget that I am a clergyman, sir."

"A clergy! Oh, no. You don't mean to say that—that you ain't a preacher; now, honest, are you?"

"Yes, sir, I am. I am the Rev. Dr. P."

"Too bad! too bad! Believe me, if I didn't think you was one of those fellows who play cards on the cars to gouge greenhorns out of their money. You look like one, any way, now don't you? And what are you doing with that pack, old man, hey? Would you mind if I showed you how to run 'em over so's when you play they can't fool you? I'll do it for nothing."

The Dr. P. went into the hind car and got off at the next station. When he got home he gave that boy of his a couple of extra floggings in order to ease his feelings.

A Precocious Philosopher.

A young philosopher of seven years of age, who had not got far enough to hear the Holy Scriptures disputed by science, listened attentively in his father's parlor, the other evening, to a warm discussion on the Darwinian theory, and, after the guests had departed, somewhat surprised the parental wit:

"Father, I don't believe Mr. Darwin is right." "What?" said the parent, looking down at this unexpected reasoner, who stood before him with a little Bible in his hand: "you do not, and why?"

"Because, papa, my Bible says—'God created man in His own image.' 'At Adam's belief it was a monkey.' 'Well, well,' said the sire, laughing, 'run along, Tommy, you are too young to talk about such things.'"

"But, papa, almost the next verse says, 'God saw everything He had made, and behold it was very good.' Now, it wasn't good if men were monkeys, was it? For you are gooder than a monkey, ain't you papa?"

HARRIS' Magazine states that the first Baptist Church in Philadelphia originated in a joke. A wild young fellow named Kouch arrived from London in 1806, and passed himself for a minister. He was invited to preach, and the house was filled to hear the English divine. When in the midst of his sermon he was suddenly wrenched with remorse, and with tears confessed his trick. He went at once to a Baptist minister in Rhode Island, was baptized, ordained, and returned to Philadelphia to preach in all sincerity.

## Dom Pedro.

There came an energetic ring at the door-bell the other morning, and we descended the stairs and grappled the door-knob. A middle-aged man, with sinister countenance and sinister breath, stood before us.

"I am Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil," he said.

"Ah!" we replied, "How's the Emperor?"

"Never mind the Emperor," he rejoined, "just give your undivided attention to the Emperor for a few minutes. You see since leaving Brazil I've become a little short for means and am making an effort to raise the wind, as the Americans say. I am selling the Centennial Spelling-book. I met a party down town who said they were an editor and needed a spelling book very badly, and—"

"What else did he tell you," we interrupted.

"He said you had a wife who was also orthographically shaky, and eleven children, who should each have one of my books by all means."

"Anything else?"

"Well, yes. He said that you were old clothes and pretended to be poor, but that you were in reality a foreign prince, with enough gold to sink a canal-boat, and that, if approached by royalty, you would unbecomingly, and, as the Americans say, 'come down.'"

"That isn't all he told you, is it?"

"No—he also informed me that you had wine in your cellar that was made in the time of the first crusade, and that you would invite me in and fill me so full of pound-cake and the juice of the ancient grape that I would be compelled to get into one of your most luxurious beds and remain overnight."

"Then you are the Emperor of Brazil, are you?"

"I am—the simon-pure, bona-fide Emperor of Brazil."

"Well, Pedro, as you came along the fence there did you notice a section of it that swings on hinges?"

"Why, of course I did. You mean the gate, I suppose. How do you expect I got into the yard?"

"We thought, perhaps, as you were an Emperor you scorned to walk through an ordinary gate, and had crawled under the fence. Now, Pedro, old boy, let's see if you can get through that gate again without knocking any of the paint off the posts."

He started slowly down the path, but stopped presently, and by the movement of his lips we judged that he was indulging in silent anthems. We quickly picked up a brick, and he moved on again and was soon out of sight. That's the only way to deal with Centennial Spelling-book Emperors.—[Franklin (Ky.) Patriot.

A Child of Shadows.

Months ago a Detroit man was sent to the House of Correction for habitual drunkenness. The wife, a hard-working woman and sorely afflicted in health, managed to provide food and fuel for herself and child until the other day, when death came to end the struggle. The little girl, hardly eight years old, was all alone in the house when her mother died. The event occurred at dark, and at midnight the child was heard singing in the darkness. A policeman who halted heard her say:

"Mother, won't you wake up and light the lamp? If you will I will sing some more."

Suspecting what had happened, he roused some of the neighbors, and as they went in the child sat in the darkness, holding its mother's cold hand and singing:

"The Lord will lead a little child And teach me how to pray."

A dark room, death on the bed, poverty, hunger and cold to make her situation more desolate; and yet the child of shadows was not afraid. She said:

"I kept still a long while to let mother sleep. Then I sang all my songs to keep me awake. Then I looked out of the window and didn't move, so that the angels wouldn't be afraid to come and talk to her and make her smile! I wish God had made more daylight for poor folks!"

Why Mr. White, of Kentucky, is Recognized.

Mr. White, of Kentucky, we regret to say, is a Republican. If he were a fair specimen of Kentucky Republicanism it would go far to reconcile us to the scarcity of Republicans in Congress. Mr. White's brain is about the size of a grain of popcorn, and it is always on the pop. The Democratic speaker delights to catch the eye of Mr. White, and he is recognized by the chair when able Republicans are honored with that hotel-clerk stare which makes a man feel as if he were being ground. The speaker knows when he catches the eye of Mr. White that there is a Republican member about to make an act of himself.—[Columbian Journal.

## Worth Remembering.

Irish stew is a dish never seen in Ireland.

Cat-gut is not the gut of cats but of sheep.

Kid gloves are not kid, but are made of lamb skin or sheepskin.

Arabic figures were not invented by the Arabs, but by the Indians.

Tub-rose is no rose, but the tuberosus palmaria (Peltandra tuberosa.)

Salad oil is not oil for salads, but oil for cleaning callets or salads—i. e., helmets.

Black lead does not contain a single particle of lead, but is composed of carbon and iron.

Turkish baths are not of Turkish origin; nor are they bath at all. They are hot air rooms.

Salt is not salt at all, and has long been wholly excluded from the class of bodies dominated salts.

Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by Cleopatra, nor in honor of that Queen; but by Ramses the Great.

Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil; nor is it grass at all. It consists of strips of palm leaf, and is chiefly imported from Cuba.

Whalebone is no bone at all; nor does it possess any properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the lower jaw of the whale, and serves to strain the water, which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

Sealing wax is no wax at all; nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine, and cinnamon. Cinnamon gives it the deep red color, and the turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, nor is it manufactured or exported from Burgundy. The best is a resinous substance, prepared from common frankincense, and brought from Hamburg; but by far the largest quantity is a mixture of resin and palm oil.

What They Believe.

According to the orthodox creed of Islam, women will be saved with men and all be made young again—all except one woman. Joseph, when Viceroy of Egypt, was riding one day, when an old woman seized his reins and demanded alms. He turned to look at her and was so shocked at her appearance that he involuntarily exclaimed:

"How terribly homely you are!"

"Then," said the old woman, "why don't you pray to God, who answers all your prayers, and ask him to make me beautiful?"

Whereupon Joseph lifted up his hands and prayed for her, and instantly beheld her standing by him, young and lovely, so that he loved her and made her his wife. She lived long after him, and died very aged, and went to heaven, and is an old woman there now, and the only old woman there; for God makes all good women young again but once, and she can never be made young again.

Production of Silver in the Whole World.

According to recent statistics, the production of silver in the whole world in 1860, was \$35,000,000, which rose in 1865, to \$42,500,000, in 1870, to \$47,500,000, and in 1875, to about \$62,500,000. The production of this precious metal during the year 1875, is subdivided as follows: England and its colonies, \$10,000,000; Norway, Sweden and Denmark, \$250,000; Russia, \$500,000; Austria, \$1,620,000; Germany, \$3,000,000; France, \$2,000,000; Spain, \$2,000,000; Sardinia, \$500,000; Mexico, \$20,000,000; Central and South America, \$8,500,000; Canada, \$900,000; the United States, \$38,500,000, which gives a total of \$85,250,000. Including the year 1873, it is estimated that the total production of silver, since the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus, has been \$715,000,000, the largest source of accession, during late years, being due to the Nevada mines.

A Lusus Naturæ.

Assessor Bristol, of Cambridge neighborhood, sent us a curiosity the other day, which, for the want of a better name, we shall call a pup, as its mother belongs to the canine species. The animal is a small menagerie in itself, having the face of an ape, above which is a proboscis like that of an elephant, the hind legs of a bear, while the tail is shaped something like a beaver's, and the body that of a well developed dog. It lived only a day or two. It would have been an interesting subject to a student of natural history, and we would have preserved it in spirits, but decomposition had already commenced. This is a greater curiosity than the calf spoken of by the Richmond Register last week, and which it challenged us to beat.—[Paris True Kentuckian.

The Scientific American says if a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal is left uncorked in a room at night, not a mosquito or any other bloodsucker will be found there in the morning.

## A Wife's Testimony.

It was hard work, for we both loved the good things of life. Many were the soda fountains, the confectionery saloons and the necessities of the market we had to pass; many a time my husband denied himself the comfort of tobacco, the refreshing draught of beer, were his old clothes and even patched up boots; and I, oh, me! made my old bonnet do, wore the plainest clothes, did the plainest cooking, saving was the order of the house, and to have "a home of our own" had been our united aim. Now we have it; there is no landlord troubling us with raising the rent, and exacting this and that. There is no fear harbored in our bosom that in sickness or old age we shall be thrown out of house and home, and the money we have saved, which would otherwise have gone to pay rent, is sufficient to keep us in comfort in the winter-days of our life.

A Lark.

The great trouble among American youth, says an eminent author, is the lack of application and thoroughness in what they undertake. Any thing that cannot be learned with superficial study is given the go-by for something less tedious and irksome. Study and hard labor are looked at from a wrong standpoint; and, as a consequence, the clerkship ranks are full of unemployed and half-starved fellows, and the professions are overflowing with mediocrity, while good mechanics find plenty of work at living prices. The evil spoken of is seriously felt. Those who work at a trade do it in so loose and careless a manner that they are not competent to do the work they promise to do. Among the loudest declaimers for the rights of labor are men who claim no claim no rights that belong to labor will perform.

A Beautiful Settlement.

I confess that increasing years bring increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as these words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth